

# Steve Lukather, The Real Truth

Blue eyes, black skies and clouds filled with pain  
Disguise the emptiness, the disdain  
Late calls, long halls with words no one hears  
Reveals the loneliness and the years  
Like going backward  
A revolving door  
I don't know which way's out anymore  
I can't run from the real truth  
And not be living a lie  
You can't hide from the fate chasing you  
And watch it, from somebody else's eyes  
Cold hearts, cruel thoughts can destroy the faith  
Just ask the singer who hell from grace  
But things change and strange days can turn a point of view  
Just time till everyone gets their due  
I may not save the world but I'll save myself  
Can't depend on somebody else